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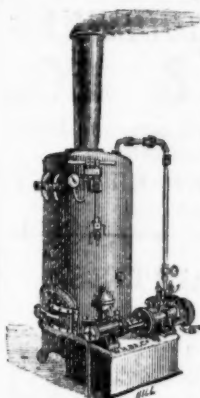
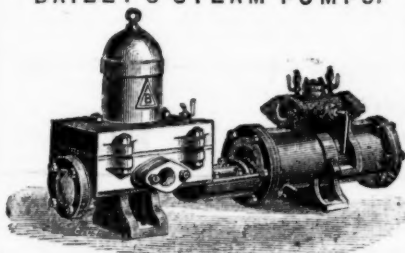
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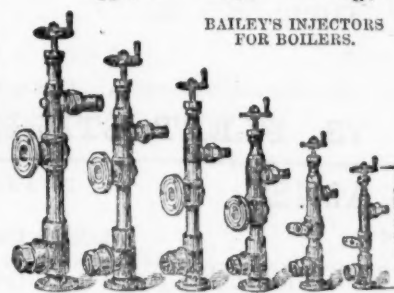
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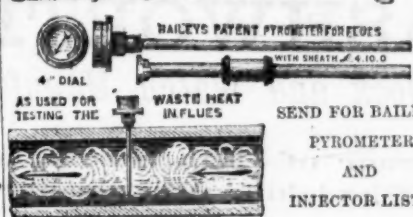
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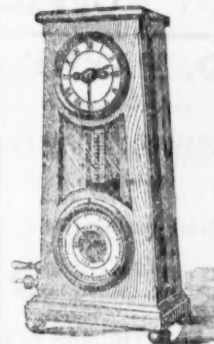
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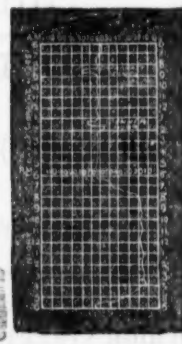
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When you are taking a new house be sure and see that the oven will draw properly, and that the boiler is in the same healthy condition. One defective oven has been known to cause the loss of the immortal souls of a whole family in the course of no more than three weeks.

To a man of some pretensions to taste, those fearful abominations, called antimacassars, are the cause of indescribable misery, yet he must be careful how he attempts to get rid of them. I have personally known antimacassars to have been the direct cause of one divorce, two judicial separations, five manslaughters, and one murder; the latter committed by the most inoffensive and mildest man in the world, goaded for a moment into a state of ecstatic fury, through being asked for the forty-fifth time in course of an hour and a half whether he thought people had nothing else to do but to run after him all day, putting the antimacassars straight.

The only really efficacious way of getting rid of these fearful things, so as to make sure that they shall never reappear, is to fill the house full of gas and blow it up, though this method has the disadvantage of involving the destruction of many other things besides, which you don't wish to destroy, and is, in any case, rather an expensive remedy. Some inexperienced husbands try to bribe their spouses into relieving the furniture of the hateful incubus of those antimacassars, but the expedient is not only ruinous, but useless. The evil propensities of the female mind are too strong to be cured even by the most seductive of bribes. They may, for a few days, weeks, even, sometimes, be held in abeyance, but in the end they are sure to assert the mastery, and out come the antimacassars again. I have adopted another way. Believing, as I do, that woman is not gifted with the reasoning faculty, I have never tried to show Mrs. Figaro the absurdity of her proceedings, either with respect to the antimacassars or anything else. But, in the dead of the night, when Mrs. F. is in a sound sleep, I crawl downstairs and *steal* those abominable anti's, and secrete them in the back garden until I have an opportunity of throwing them into the Irwell. Of course, in the morning there is a devil of a row, but the anti's can't be found, and as everybody denies all knowledge of them, Mrs. F. has nothing to do but to give way to tears, of which she can weep a bucketfull easy, though they have little effect on me. Of course, she sets to making more of these infernal things at once, but as they take a long time to make I always have relief for several months. I know Mrs. F. always suspects me of the theft, but the Figaro family have never been at a loss to lie themselves out of a difficulty, and my esteemed spouse has never yet been able to fix me. Yet is it not a dreadful thing, when you come to think of it seriously, that a man should

have to *steal* his own property and then tell lies about it, just in order to gratify the commendable longings of his higher nature?

No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre or to his wife. Lots of men have tried it, but none has ever succeeded in convincing his wife that his abstraction when he comes home late at night, and wants to go to bed with his boots on, is due to the high and poetic musings which have made him forgetful of all earthly considerations.

Under certain circumstances the domestic cat is a more noxious beast than a fullgrown Bengal tiger about the house. The tiger would destroy a man at once, and put him out of his misery, and not drive him insane as the cat does by constantly giving his favourite pipes to the policeman, or maliciously smashing the old china which is placed where she cannot possibly reach it.

No trait in a man's character is more pleasing than that of Christian resignation, but he is, nevertheless, not entitled to much credit on that account, if the resignation is simply due to the fact that the English vocabulary does not afford expletives strong enough to express his feelings, and that he cannot swear in any other language. A great deal of what passes in the world for resignation is simply exhaustion.

It is astonishing what a number of friends happen just to be strolling your way and look in to see how you are on the Sunday after you have had a new barrel of beer in the house. They have, of course, judged by your manner during the week—even if you have not told them yourself—that you were going to have a good stodge on the Sabbath, and that fetched them.

A man need not say anything rash just because his wife calls him a fat-headed old fool. He will want all his wrath, and all his good strong words, when he comes home at six o'clock to dinner, and finds that every soul has gone out, and that the kitchen fire has followed their example. If he is wise he will then furtively set fire to the bed-clothes, jump into the midst of the flames, and, like Sardanapalus, become converted into good useful cinders, worth eighteenpence a load for manure.

The principal use of babies is to lead a man through the fire of tribulation, so that his spirit may become purified; his nature softened; and his temper angelicised (a good word, by the bye). Often, however, the baby's labours have not that effect, if the devil is sharp enough to come to a man with a mug of beer to cool him when he comes out of the fire.

It is not generally known that babies make the very finest sausages. Care must, of course, be taken to shave the child's head before it is put into the machine, as the hair is apt to be unpleasant in the mouth unless it is removed.

Another good way of cooking babies is to mix one pound of sausage meat to every pound of baby, adding spice, parsley, lemon juice, and port wine. This may either be eaten warm or turned out into a mould to solidify. Potted baby is also extremely good, and is made in the same way as potted beef.

A good way of thinning out a redundant family is to tie a piece of thin but strong twine at the top of a long flight of stairs in such a manner that anyone coming down is sure to fall over it and tumble headlong over the stairs

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

Having done this you must go down to the bottom and call out "If you children don't come down this instant you shan't have a morsel of breakfast." They will immediately stop fighting in the bedroom and rush for the stairs, over which they are pretty sure to tumble, by reason of the twine, one after the other. If at least one does not break his neck the anxious parent may conclude that the Fates do not approve of this way, but that they would prefer his sending the children to skate on a deep pond which has only been frozen over for about three hours.

A father is, of course, bound to keep his children, but if he should take one of them a few hundred miles away, say to London, and unfortunately lose him in the street one day, the law could not blame him.

Few men know at supper time the power of a pork chop. The pork chop has a simple and patient nature. It can wait even till four o'clock in the morning before revealing itself.

THOSE FOOLISH WOMEN.

[BY OUR OWN LOAFER.]

I AM really at a loss to understand what is coming over our English women. Impelled by a sense of duty, I have previously lifted up my voice against certain practices on their part, but I have just recently remarked a folly, which, to my mind, is perfectly astounding. What can any sensible person, male or female, think of the state of affairs disclosed in the following paragraph, written, as we understand, by the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*?—

"The district round Lloyd's Square in West London is very much mystified. A number of ladies have suddenly appeared in the lodging-houses there, who assume the womanly virtue of dumbness. They rise early, long before the sun, and go out in the dark cold street, saying no word to any mortal soul. They return immediately after nine at night, do not even ask for a candle, but expect it to be given to them, and then pass, without so much as a 'thank you,' with a sad smile and a dignified bow to their rooms. They are devout Protestants 'doing a retreat' at the home of Nazareth, occupied by the Sisters of Bethany. Most of them, it is given out, are ladies of wealth and position, some of them ladies of title. Early in the morning, precisely at the hour of six, they meet to do their devotions under the direction of the holy Ritualist fathers who have been appointed for the service. Every moment of the day is passed in devotional occupation. The food is of the plainest. For nearly fifteen hours they are at prayers or at meditations. They should, properly speaking, not leave the house. But the Sisters of Bethany cannot put them all up. So these ladies in retreat set forth every evening in mysterious silence to the neighbouring lodging-houses, holding no communication with man or woman, neither asking nor answering questions, passing as if absorbed from their devotions to their bed, and from their bed to their devotions."

I may at once say, in order to remove any suspicion of prejudice in my case, that although I am not a Ritualist, I have no special antipathy to persons holding Ritualistic views. At the same time I feel that this Ritualistic proceeding is simply ridiculous. I have not the slightest objection to ladies being devotional, and spending a reasonable portion of their time in religious exercises, and, without doubt, many married men would be only too pleased for their wives to show some regard for silence, but surely, admitting the desirability of religious observance and timely silence, women were not sent into the world for the sole purpose of praying and meditating, and it must not be too much to expect some females to express themselves to their fellows by some other means than "sad smiles and dignified bows." Ladies may rise as early in the morning as they like, and may have as plain food as they choose, but that they should imagine that they are best doing their duty to God and their neighbours by devoting themselves entirely to prayers, and the rest of it, seems to me to be thoroughly absurd. How long ladies are supposed to remain in retreat I really don't know; but however short or long the time so spent may be, I feel pretty well convinced that it might be far better employed. There are plenty of ways in which ladies, having leisure, can usefully occupy themselves in this busy world of ours, and I fancy it will require a vast amount of persuasion to make some Englishmen or women believe that the whole duty of women, even for a brief period, consists in shutting their eyes to the events of this world and becoming absorbed in devotional exercises. The thing appears to me to be perfectly idiotic, and I trust it may soon have had its day.

THE EVILS OF DRINK.

MOST people nowadays are of opinion that drink is a bad thing, especially if it is bad drink. The temperance journals every week record instances of the evils wrought by intoxicating liquors, and the orators of the United Kingdom Alliance are constantly thrilling us by the narrations of sad results following on the use of malt and spirituous liquors. But of all the cases which I have hitherto heard of that which is set forth in the subjoined epitaph, copied from a tombstone in the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral, is one of the saddest. This is how the epitaph runs:—

In Memory of
THOMAS THETCHER,
a Grenadier in the North Regt.
of Hants Militia, who died of a
violent Fever contracted by drinking
Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May,
1764, Aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal
good will towards his comrades, this stone
is placed here at their expense, as a small
testimony of their regard, and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small Beer.
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot drink strong or none at all.

This memorial being decayed was restored
By the Officers of the Garrison, A.D. 1781.

An honest Soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by Pot.

This Stone was placed by the North Hants
Militia, when disembodied at Winchester,
on 26th April, 1802, in consequence of
the original Stone being destroyed.

Nothing, I take it, could be more deplorable than this. Here you have a fine young man—as a Grenadier he must have been a big fellow—cut off in the flower of his youth through an immoderate indulgence in malt liquor. All the service that man might have rendered his country was lost through that draught of small beer; that one miserable drink has had an almost incalculable effect in lessening the population of the country, for I reckon that if Thomas Thetcher had married and become a father—which he probably did not—his descendants would, by this time, have numbered three or four hundred, who, in the space of another thousand years or so, might have increased to a million, and peopled some yet undiscovered portion of the world. Again, taking Thomas Thetcher's rateable posterity who might have existed down to the present time at only fifty, they would, at a very rough calculation of averages, have paid by now something like fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in rates and taxes, with interest and compound interest, and thereby have lightened the burden on the rest of the nation whose parents did not kill themselves with drink. Further, it is not impossible that some of the children or grandchildren of Thomas Thetcher might have followed their ancestors' footsteps, entered the army, and become benefactors to their species by slaughtering a few thousand more Frenchmen or Austrians in the great war; or they might have invented some new and wonderful machine, or made great speeches, or written great books, or painted great pictures, or sculpted great sculptures, or even found out a really efficacious mousetrap. In short, there are no limits to the possibilities which were cut short through Thomas Thetcher's making a beast of himself, with intoxicating liquor on that hot day in May, a hundred and fifteen years ago. And when one thinks that the catastrophe which befell Thomas might have been so easily avoided; that, with more forethought he might even have been alive yet; that all the evils which have flowed, and are yet to flow from that one act of his, might have been replaced by blessings if, instead of swilling beer like a pig, he had taken a good nip of French brandy just dashed with a little water, one can scarcely refrain from weeping over this conspicuous example of the danger arising from drink, and especially from small beer.

The boy at Sunday-school, when asked who made the beautiful surrounding hills, replied that he did not know as his parents had only moved into the town the day before.

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

JOHN BULL AND DIZZY DE BEA.

[FROM THE "LIVERPOOL PORCUPINE."]

JOHN BULL sat in his office chair,
With a woful look and a vacant stare,
At a balance sheet, blotted and smeary,
Which showed at the end of Seventy-eight
His affairs were all in a critical state,
And his prospects wretchedly dreary.

A lenient master, easily led,
Except when a crotchet got into his head,
Was old John Bull in his dealings;
But if his head clerk were cheating or lying,
John Bull was apt, when sending him flying,
To be carried away by his feelings.

Be sure, John Bull didn't sit very long,
On finding his business all gone wrong,
With stains on his good reputation.
So he called for his manager, Dizzy de Bea—
"Just give me without any quibble," said he,
"A clear and true explanation."

Then Dizzy de Bea very slowly began,
For he was a cool and a wily old man,
Very fond of an oily oration:—
"You know, Mr. Bull, how I would, if I could,
Make the items and figures all well understood,
Without varnish or tergiversation.

"But I must commence, as your excellent sense
Will allow—not with paltry pounds, shillings, and pence,
But show, by induction of reason,
That the cause, and the origin, that is to say,
The beginning of mischief, arose far away,
At a long-past-peculiar season.

"A few years ago, you remember, you know
You'd a meddlesome manager you told to 'go'—
I speak not by way of reflection—
Who left your concern, yea, in every quarter,
But mostly at home, in a state of hot water,
Which led to my humble election.

"Very humble! no doubt," John Bull granted out,
"Your speech gets too windy with beating about,
I want neither soft soap nor honey.
The fact is quite evident, I see it well,
As plain as a pikestaff, you don't mean to tell
Who or what has made off with my money.

"Catch a weasel asleep! No, I'm too wide awake;
I'm beginning to see the advantage you take
Of an easy, confiding old master.
But don't you suppose I'll be led by the nose
After all the dead losses the books now disclose,
With such a long tale of disaster."

"Have patience with me," said the oily De Bea;
"Your 'interests' I've studied by land and by sea,
And abroad kept your servants in action.
Besides, it's well known, I've tried to atone
For stingy economy I wouldn't own
In cheeseparing down to the fraction.

"Among foreign houses, and most in the East,
Your fame I've undoubtedly greatly increased;
But the process, 'tis true, was expensive.
Though I've little fear that in some future year
(How long, or how soon, I confess isn't clear)
You'll admit I am not reprehensible.

"It can't be denied that I've lately tried
An exceptional sort of transaction beside—
Some term it 'mal-appropriation.'
So far, it has cost but a few score of lives,
And a few thousand lacs of rupees; if it thrives
It will add to your vast reputation."

Up jumped his employer, now foaming with rage—
Said he, "Were it not from regard to your age,
As I feel very savage and viperous,
I should treat you (for thus throwing dust in my eyes)
To banishment; you and your staff, and your lies,
Bag and baggage at once off to Cyprus.

"Cool impudence! Tell me, without any quirk,
What business done with a red-handed Turk
Could meet with John Bull's approbation?
You'd make me believe that, in dealing with you,
I've really been trusting some Shylock, the Jew,
Till I'm dragged down to dire degradation.

"What! Tarnish my name with notions of fame!
Is robbing a neighbour no horror, no shame?
Yet all this you advocate fully.
I see why I've heard it so stoutly averred
That abroad I've become a mere jest and byword,
Where John Bull is known as John Bully.

"You're a sorry confessor for such a transgressor,
You can't hold the candle to your predecessor,
Your case, like your conduct, is rotten;
For the man you've defamed is flouted and blamed
On charges by you most maliciously framed,
But his name will live when you are forgotten.

"The long and short of the matter is this:—
Your plans are all crooked, so all goes amiss;
But I will be cheated no longer.
You are cunning and sly, it speaks in your eye,
And the sooner we bid one another good-bye
My banking account will get stronger.

"Just a word,—I have done;—'tis as clear as the sun
Your habits are costly,—you've lately begun
An Imperial style, in adorning,
As a blind, or a snare,—let others beware,
You are a castle that's built in the air,
A beacon's field—meant for a warning.

"And long may my servants who yet revere truth
Remember that vaulting ambition, forsooth,
Is a base, 'lying spirit' at best.
May they learn to reflect, to sift out and detect,
A sophistry, however cleverly decked,
Is really a fraud for all to detect."

A SERMON TO CLERGYMEN.

ONE of our London contemporaries—*The Week*—has been preaching a nice little sermon to clergymen. Here it is:—"Clergymen complain more and more of the tendency of the male portion of their flocks to absent themselves from church. This they attribute to want of 'spiritual-mindedness,' whereas—painful as it is to say—it is largely owing to their own want of sincerity or their incapacity. Men like Dean Stanley in the Church, or Mr. Spurgeon out of it, have never lacked hearers. But men who cannot express what they have to say so that another person can understand it, who insult their hearers by repeating empty platitudes and foolish commonplaces, who cannot even read a chapter out of the Bible distinctly, who make mummeries of the prayers, who treat religion as a plaything, and whose first and last thought is to trick themselves out in fine clothes so as to impress the 'silly women'—what right have such persons to expect rational men to place themselves under their tuition? If religion suffers, is it not in too many cases through the direct or indirect acts of ministers of religion? Men will not go to church to listen to sermons which are beneath the level of schoolboys' exercises, especially when the prayers are rendered unintelligible by reason of elaborate accompaniments and loud-mouthed choirs." Few full-grown men who ever enter a place of worship will hesitate to say "Amen" to all that is stated here. The number of clergymen and ministers in Manchester and Salford who can preach sermons worth listening to may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Why do people not go to church and chapel? That is one of the reasons. Another reason is that many of our spiritual guides clearly seem to have no heart in their work, while the majority of them make not the slightest effort even to read their dreary discourses with any amount of animation.

"Come, doctor," said a gentleman to his minister, "I can give you a treat—a bottle of claret forty years old." The doctor was in raptures, and eagerly accepted the invitation, when, to his dismay, the expected quart proved only to be a pint bottle. "Waes me," said he taking it up in his hand, "but it's unco' wee for its age."

PROFESSOR: "Define the equator." STUDENT: "It is the place where the sun crosses the line." PROFESSOR: "What line?" STUDENT: "I suppose it's the one referred to by Euclid, that has neither breadth nor thickness." PROFESSOR: "Next." STUDENT No. 2: "There's no such line. It has been shown to be purely imaginary—a mere superstition of sailors. Columbus sailed across it, and it wasn't there."



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Earl of Beaconsfield's enemy the gout has been troubling him again.

That wealthy men don't have it all their own way, any more than poor men, in this wicked world.

That the *City Jackdaw* sincerely sympathises with His Lordship.

That the *City Jackdaw* doesn't believe, for all that, that the Prime Minister is the greatest living statesman, and that England and Europe could spare him worst of any at the present moment.

That, however, we hope His Lordship will be allowed to remain with us some time longer.

That English politics would be dull and dead without him.

That the Earl of Derby has been enlarging in his own impartial and sensible way on the causes of Bad Trade.

That he says we cannot expect a revival of trade so long as we keep foreign politics in an unsettled state.

That the *City Jackdaw* has been saying the same thing any number of times during the last few months.

That the attempts to separate the Government policy from the prevailing distress are well meant, but exceedingly unsuccessful.

That the Rector of Blackley and Mr. Frank Hollins are having a nice set-to.

That—why don't the police interfere.

That Sir E. F. Du Cane, Chairman of the Prison Commissioners, is a brick.

That he thinks the gates of all the prisons in the country should fly open at his approach.

That he may thank his stars that Parliament is not sitting at present.

That the presentation and banquet to "Verax" takes place on Wednesday next.

That Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, does not know what it is to fear the face of man.

That the Manchester shareholders are as wealthy as well as a lively lot.

That the *Guardian* took the report of the meeting from the *Examiner* without saying so plainly and manfully.

That Mr. Alderman Curtis and Mr. Alderman King have still got Thirlmere on the brain, and very bad they are.

THE BOTHER AT BLACKLEY.

QUITE a bother has been caused at Blackley in connection with the Christmas "treats;" and—would the world believe it?—the chief combatants are the Rector and Mr. Frank Hollins. Mr. Hollins generously wished to give the "old folks' treat" as usual; and he applied for the use of the school in which to hold a concert, the proceeds from which were to be devoted to the purposes of the "treat." But the Rev. W. Coghlan, the Rector, said in the course of his reply:—"I have many, many reasons why I cannot fall in with your request for the entertainment. I do not think a Church school ought to be used for feasting the aged members of Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and others who are diametrically opposed to us both in religion and politics." Mr. Coghlan said much else besides—about his being indisposed and so on; but we have given the tit-bit of his letter. Churchman and Conservative though he be, Mr. Hollins was indignant, so he had the extract posted on the walls all through the parish, and in due course it found its way into the *Dailies*. Few persons were aware of the existence of the Rev. W. Coghlan before. Now, however, he was a man of mark. Finding it getting rather hot for him, Mr. Coghlan—after many days' seclusion and silence—sent an epistle to the papers, in which he seeks to make out that he is not such a bad sort of fellow after all. "Your report," he says, "would lead your readers to believe that I possess unfriendly feelings towards Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and others. But I do not. What I objected to was Mr. Hollins using my school for personal motives, and what I meant was that if the old well-to-do Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and others are to be treated their own priests and ministers are willing and able to treat them. I am on friendly terms, and hope to continue so, with the Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and others of this parish; and last January I went hand in hand with the Unitarian minister of this place in lifting up our united voices in my schoolroom against our country being dragged into war. I saw eye to eye with him on that question, and those who would malign me were the very first to say I had no right to appear on the platform in my school supporting Unitarians and others who diametrically oppose us in religion and politics. I never publish my charity, but, as I am now accused of being uncharitably disposed towards Roman Catholics and Unitarians, I say I never refused charity to man, woman, or child, on account of his or her religious or political creed. Were I possessed with ill feeling towards those who hold political and religious views opposed to my own, I would not deal for things domestic with Unitarian and Wesleyan shopkeepers, which I do. For some time past I have been relieving persons belonging to all the religious denominations in Blackley, and some who profess no religious creed of any kind." And much to the same effect, all good enough in its way. Mr. Frank Hollins has replied to the rev. gentleman in a somewhat scathing fashion, in the course of which he strikes the nail on the head in the following sentence:—"But, for his information, I may inform him that until he denies the authorship of the paragraph in his letter to me commencing with 'I have many, many reasons,' and ending with 'opposed to us in politics,' until he denies that he wrote that to let me have the school, 'he must bury his own feelings,' until he denies the result of the interview with him in his own vestry, all the superfluous matter he may introduce as to whom he trades with, &c., will not blind a discriminating public." That, we guess, is pretty much the conclusion to which the public will come. It is satisfactory to know that, despite the Rector of Blackley, the old folks of Blackley did receive their annual "treat," and that the rector's warden presided and the people's warden acted as treasurer. Mr. Coghlan, no doubt, only thought he was doing his duty in refusing the use of the schools; but men, especially Christian clergymen, should not be too captious and chary at Christmas time.

A DISTINGUISHED phrenologist, while recently dining at one of our large hotels, remarked at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman directly opposite said that he would propound a question, and that, if it was truthfully answered, he would for ever believe in phrenology. The phrenologist said he was satisfied, and told him to proceed. "Thin," said the Irishman, "will yez be after tellin' me am I married or single?"

An indifferent actor was playing in *Othello* at the Dunedin Theatre. When he came to the passage, "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" a stentorian voice roared from the gallery, "All right, old man, drink away; you're safe."

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND THE JOINT STOCK COMPANIES' ACTS.

THE year just passed has been fruitful with so many commercial surprises, that we should greatly fail in our duty if we did not closely examine the position now occupied by some of the companies which arose out of the Acts passed twenty years ago.

It was then argued that commercial disasters would be largely abolished by the coming to life of young and powerful companies, backed by great wealth, and managed with consummate ability by the typical men of brain and ability, whom it was represented had up to that time been cramped and thwarted by the noodles and slow coaches, who, somehow, had become the employers of the said men of brain and ability. The days that should arise after the passing of the Companies' Acts were as bright linings to the clouds of Egyptian darkness that had hitherto overcast the commercial horizon. It is true that there were some men who believed that henceforth reckless trading would take the place of caution and safety, and that brain and ability had nothing to complain of in their old condition.

The principal feature that has really distinguished these companies was scarcely adverted to at all by any speaker or writer who gained the public ear. That feature is, the total want of "go" in these companies. Nothing can be done or decided without consultation with half-a-dozen authorities, and half-a-dozen meetings, with all their attendant costs—circulars, post-cards, messages, &c., &c. The men of brain, also, are far worse off than ever if employed as managers for companies. In no single item, save their escape from the personal control of an employer, have the managers of companies improved their positions as against their positions in private firms. Indeed, the improvement is not a real one, but only a change from personal government to government by a committee, and the only semblance of improvement consists in fault-finding being more general and less specific. But the counterbalancing faults of company management by committees are really worse to bear by men of capacity, and are infinitely worse in their effects upon the public at large. Many committees consist mainly of men sprung from very low positions, and they are unable either to propel the machine, or regulate the trade, but they have an insatiable desire for dividends, and their only cry is "give, give." The present crisis in trade is bringing such men to the fore wonderfully. Full of complaints themselves, their grumbling has made the sullen and dividendless shareholder into a partial believer in the capacity of the grumbler, and so the latter is put upon the directorate, and for the first time in life receives the courteous treatment awarded to a gentleman. But he does not esteem such conduct. He believes it to be a sign of weakness in his brother directors. He has come to play havoc, and he sets to work in a manner after his own heart. Trade has been quiet, profits small, expenses much as they were in good times; in fact, in his mind, the machine is all out of gear from a want of thoroughness in the management, and he will infuse that into it at once. Statements are sent out asking for payment by return, and upon failure to obtain cash, legal proceedings are instituted. At first, these tactics prove effectual in getting money, but they as surely prove effectual in staving off trade. The pinched tradesman, with plenty of wealth fast locked in stocks and outstanding debts, does not need a second lesson to teach him that a directorate of property jobbers and rent collectors is not the people in whom it is wise to leave the power to initiate legal proceedings for the recovery of debts, and in future the companies get a wide berth.

The same line of conduct is pursued towards all the superior servants of the company. Checks, counter checks, and all the annoying machinery for account keeping, sacred to a convict establishment, are there in full force. A huge system of bookkeeping is the *bon ton* of management. The cost of the last ounce of cats' meat, or the cost price of the last mouse that poor puss caught is all set forth, audited, depreciated, debated by the committee, a deputation on it, a sum voted to the reserve fund upon it, and then the shareholders recommended to accept a small dividend, as the manager is a fool, and the committee are going to get a better man.

The Companies' Acts have certainly made a paradise of promoters, but that the country has really developed one iota more than it would otherwise have done, is a grave matter of doubt; and the numerous great firms that have died out since their conversion into companies is at once a warning and a beacon for the future. Where are now Fairbairn's, Bolekow Vaughan's, and many, many others of the colossal places? Turned into companies, only that they might be ruined under the blighting influence of a manager of capacity, who was himself managed by a committee of thirteen. Perhaps Parliament will some day put a qualification

to a seat upon a directorate, but at present the surest way thereto is unblushing effrontery, and a fondness for county courts.

Nor is this fault alone a grave matter of concern to the nation at large. It is remarkable that the value of a company concern sold under the hammer is less than similar private establishments. Odd as this may seem, it is undeniable that in the general wreck which overtakes a big company there is a smaller portion of value remain than with a similar private establishment. And yet, after all, it is likely that this very difference arises from a vague idea which seems to pervade the minds of the creditors of companies that repeated and saving efforts to make the undertaking successful will be made by the shareholders. But men have yet to fully wake up to the fact that a caucus of a few rich men may, and do sometimes, meet and agree to purchase the carcass of a defunct company, but even that is only done when there is a clear case of wasted resources having produced bankruptcy, and where the purchase of the wreckage is a safe means of saving their own investments. The experience of the past year, then, may be of service in showing the weakness of companies, and probably some general laws for their regulation, other than those now in force, may yet be passed, and to this end a suggestion that all companies should have only three directors as a board, skilled in the business, may be of service.

THE TOOTHACHE.

"Being tormented with a raging tooth, I could not sleep."—*Othello*, Act III., Scene 3.

CEASED for a while are the cares of the day,
As your head with relief on the pillow you lay,
And slumber, the tired man's kindest of friends,
O'er your couch hovers, and gently descends
On pinions more downy soft and light
Than those which carry the bird of night,
When daylight dies in the shadows brown,
And noiseless and smooth he comes sweeping down,
From his post in the dusky roof o'er the door
To his long-tailed prey on the grain-heaped floor,
And your senses as silently slip away
To the dreamy land where sweet visions stray,
When, ha! on a sudden you're wide awake
As tho' roused by the shock of some vast earthquake,
And a cold sweat gushes from every pore,
And your brain throbs wildly with anguish sore,
As if some demon of hideous air,
With horrible glee was stripping bare
All the nerves that hidden lie in your jaw,
And scooping them out with his red hot claw!
In vain you tumble and toss and kick,
And rub your cheek wildly the pain will stick;
In vain you use chloroform, laudanum,
No drug will give ease to that tortured gum.
In vain all remedies known you try,
Till you cease the hopeless struggle and cry,
With a groan that agony thrills to a shout,
"That horrible tooth, I must have it out!"
And your heart grows faint, and your eyes grow dim,
As before them rises a vision grim,
Of the high-backed chair with a rest for the head,
And the smiling dentist with forceps dread;
Of your sickly dread as he lances your gums,
And the horrible scrunch as out it comes.
A four-fanged monster, frightful to view,
And you gaze on it in a fearful stew,
As your frame still shakes like a reed in your boots,
With the wrench that twisted it up by the roots;
When the floor beneath you seemed to rise,
And stars danced madly before your eyes;
And you clutched with the grip of grim despair
At each padded arm of that dreadful chair,
Until, with a crash that seemed to pull
Your jaw as well as the tooth from your skull,
You sank back released with a gasp profound,
And with dizzy eyeballs gazed wildly round!
The vision fades, and you feebly mean,
"Oh! why are not teeth made of solid bone,
That a man might wear them down to the stump,
Without all these torturing nerves that jump
With agonised throbbing until he is fain
To batter his head on the walls, in his pain!"

[At this point the poet, having taken an overdose of laudanum, was reduced to a state of unconsciousness.]

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

WURDS TO THE WISE.

[BY JOSHUA THORNLEY.]

WITH the poit we sweep into the yunger da, but not very fast, and there's a deel of the distans that seems to bekkon in vane. "Well, never mind," ses Matilda, "so long as the travel is in that direckshun, even if the progress is slo; the groth of our good things must be slo, and not as the mushroom of the nite:—

"Slow grows the palm, too slow the pearl."

Now there was a pause, and me sister subsided with the musick, out of site. No dont the depressing wether wud have sumthing to do with this, for she's as sensativ as a spring leaf, and the even tenor is seldom seen these klondy times. Yet Matilda is oleways there when wanted, like the frend, and the necessary okkashun renuse the soring spirit. "Kum on," I kride, "with the oshan role, and the sounding lire, and the master hand to sho the way." But this wudn't do the biness, when she's deaf as an adder to a tong like that. So I tride another tak very direkt, for it dus not do to let the evning go and leeve no rekord of reward. "Who is to fill the vakant see," sed I, "and poket the poor man's money at Durham? Will it be the original translashun, or a marvellus kresashun of the Imperial fanzy?" Here I looked to see if I'd tuch'd the kord, but there was no vibrashun in the breast of Matilda. Then I tride agen. "The vulchures," I sed, "on the episkopal perch is all in a flutter, and very much woke up from sleep; they open the drousy i to the karryon that lise belo; and the selekted bird will be reddy for the pray." Me sister began to breeth rather hevvy, and then she side so saddle that I kud see sumthing at last was going to kum. We kan afford to wate for Matilda even if we're in a hurry, and the welkum wurd will keep. "There isn't so much korn in Egipt, Joshua," she sed, "as there used to be in the happy das of Joseph; and a famin is feeling the delicate puls of the land much neerer home; but never mind, me luv, there are no 'trampled' orfans in the family of God, and all the hungry will be fed without the assistants of a mirakul. The thing that a man kan do is left undone, if he dus not do it, and the Almighty hand will never be interposed." "But what has that to do with the vakant see," I ask'd, "for the konnexshun is remote?" "Nay," laff'd Matilda; "the frute hanga from the branch, and it's not too high if there's any reech in the arm; but, as I sed before, I'm sick of the bishops; tha're a leden lot, Joshua, and the grate burden of the time; the divinity of these divines is not apparent, and the weery wurd is handikap'd with a weight so ded. O! it's a burlesk on the buty of the primitiv faith, and the fathers in God is but a bad exampul for the children of the Church." "These," sed I, "are immoderate wurds, and rather random." "Well, then," replide me sister, "they will only strike the man that is in the way of danger, and everybody els is safe." "But," I kontinude, "if you ware a man wudn't you like to be a bishop, and liv in a pallas, with the sosheal posishun, and £8,000 a yeer? fanzy that, Matilda! fanzy that!" "Nay, Joshua," kride me sister, "I wud prefer to be a skavenger of the street, to remove the mire from the usefal way, for then I kud wash me hands at nite to be kloen, and sleep the sweet sleep of the labring man. This is korrupschon, and the kruel enemy, and the walls of Jerusalem are out of repare. It was the glory of the Temple in the erly da, but now, alas! it is the poor pride of the preest." "O yes," I sed, "that is all very well; and this, with thanks to the forefather, is a free kuntry, even for the kareless tong; but tell me, how is the Church to be ruled if there is no ruler? and if we don't make a bishop, that is the unforchunate bugbare, the pillar of the establishment kan have another name. But," I kontinude, "leaving these kontroversal matters for a moment, who is the likely man to go to Durham, and kan you gess what the Erl of Bekkonsfeeld will do?" With this Matilda bekaime exceeding iritabul. "He kan do as he likes," she ekklamed, "and nobody will interfere; the proud necks of the ons luvly land are under the fearful foot of the stranger, and the life of the kuntry is berrid in the ignominious grave." "Kum, kum," I sed, "we're not so bad as that, there are a fu nees that have not bended to Bale." But Matilda was not disposed for the interrupshon. "Yes," proceeded me sister, "the old man may do as he likes and please himself, that is oleways of korse the first konsiderashun with him." "Has the Bishop of Manchester any hope?" I asked. "Yes," replied Matilda, "he mite be taken from the mill and the workshop with his talkativ tong and plased in the rural soletude for grate advantage to the greedy lover of pour; besides, it wud giv his lordship time to think and increase the solid speech." "Then you think," sed I, "that the lokal father may be taken from the starving family?" "His

chans," rejoined Matilda, "is not at all bad, but that of the Tory prelate at Peterboro' is slitele better; the baneful eminens is more eesy of aksess to him than any of the brethren." "Indeed!" I inquired, "and how is that?" "This divine," kontinude me sister, "is wide in the mouth, and kan most likely see a buty in Bekkonsfeeld that he will be able to diskribe. Yes, he may be the winning hors if he's in the rase at all, tho' we kan never spekulate for sertain on the gambling venchur." "Ah! Matilda," sed I, "the selekshun of a bishop is a sakred subjekt, and too sollem for the sneering skorn." Matilda look'd at me fase at this rather inquisitiv, and then proceeded very stagey with the stilts, after the stile of Mr. Sullivan. "We may selekt Dr. Magee, and we may do nothing of the sort, if it is any informashun for the anxshus publik in suspens, we shall please ourself. It mite be the Bishop of Peterboro', or, perhaps, Dr. Atlay, of Hereford, that in our kondensashun we took as a parish preest from the pulpit at Leeds." Now, me sister kompell'd me to laff at the drammatik tone; but presently she went on in the same vane. "I'll tell you who it will not be, Joshua, and that will settle the kase for him. It will not be the pronounced flunkey that makes his obasense to the Premear in the publik path with the wurd looking on. It will not be him. The indifferent vale is thin, Joshua, and a poor disgise. We shall take that indevidual down a peg if it's possibul, and in our final determinashun to fill the see of Durham, it shall, as usual, be the very unlikely thing that will leep to lite." "Well," I sed, "it's a great opporehunity is Durham for sumbody, it's—" But me sister stop'd me here slitle abrupt. "Kum, Joshua, me bruther, let us have none of that nonsens, it may pass muster when well mix'd with the babble of the kroned, but don't annoy the private eer of your sister." Now this made me feel that I wudn't permit Matilda to sit down like that, so I sed, "I think the ofis of a bishop is a grate auxillery to the good wurk of the establishment, and under the sirkumstans it's desirabul that the Premear shud selekt the best man." This brought me sister on rather impetchuous with the extensiv speech that was nip'd in the bud, for I dreded that her rising warmth wud have resulted in an unseemly eksploshun. She soburd down, however, in the faverit stile that is tuching to behold, and tender in its teeching to the softund hart. "Joshua," she sed, "it's a small wurd is this when you look at sum of the big peepel, and I've no pashuns whatever with much of the konvenshanul dignity of the da. We reed of won that was hed and shoulders bigger than his brethren, but that was on akkont of his size. Ah! Joshua," she kontinude, "I kud go on, and charity to the human kind wud not forbid. The manly man just now must make his way, and it is well for the wurd that he shud, and it is better for himself that he must. Yet we may speek of the danger that there is in exalting the ofis instead of the man, and set the publik fase agenst a sham that is the crying vanity of the time. Whoever shall be a bishop is poorly plased in the pre-eminent posishun of helpless pride, to kover with amazing kompletteness any lingering dissipleship of Christ. A bishop is a thing of the wurd, and bares on its brazen and impotent frunt the binding badg of erth." This, for the present, shall be the end of Matilda's konklushon, that seems the nacheral finish to a serene theme.

QUACK DOCTORS.

THE distinguishing adjective in the title is a suggestive one, and its derivation easy to come at. We all know how startling at times are the sounds, falling on the ear, uttered by our web-footed friends of the water—the ducks; at the same time how little of meaning is there in the discordant noise produced. At the most unexpected moments, breaking the calm quiet of an evening in the country, is heard the loud and singularly unharmonious "quack, quack" of these birds.

At sometime or other a wag has fixed—and very appropriately, as it happens—the title of "quack" on the vendors who are so eloquent in praise of their own incomparable mixtures, or medicines as they call them. From being thus used, the word has also come to be generally applied to pretenders in common, and in every department of life we have "quacks" and "quackery." But the special branch of quackery to which we confine ourselves in this essay is the largest department at present known—quack doctoring.

The benevolence of the professors who gain a livelihood from their deep studies into the nature of herbs, plants, &c., is truly astonishing—is, in fact, something extraordinary. For the benefit of their suffering fellow human beings, and the desire to ameliorate the condition of such, these

gentlemen every day fill columns of the newspapers with their advertisements. "Ameliorate," I said, but I find I used the wrong word, for in every instance I remember a *cure*—nothing less than a total cure—is promised, and that generally is to be immediate. These professors of the art of healing are not selfish enough to confine themselves to the metropolis and the large towns, but spread themselves—a noble band—from one end of the land to the other, and many every day are received in the embraces of these warm-hearted philanthropists. But the blindness, which characterizes the public generally, is never more conspicuously displayed than in the treatment these doctors receive. For the benefit of those who are unwell these ill-used gentlemen deign to stand, especially on Saturdays, at the corners of streets and in open places, crying aloud, so that people far and near must needs hear, the qualities for which their medicines are celebrated. Here is one who proclaims he has an infallible cure for corns, warts, and bunions, and undertakes that his medicines shall cure such without pain in ten minutes. Of course, whenever it has failed to do so the fault has lain with the buyer—he either took too little, or too much, or did not mix it right, or did not take it at the right time, or—or, in short, he did anything but the right thing, and deserved to fail.

Another sells wind-pills, of undoubted virtues; whilst "Le grand elixir d'Idalia" imparts health, strength, energy, and cures all forms of nervous debility.

Yet, strange to say, these gentlemen are *not* classed, as a group, among the benefactors of mankind; are *not* introduced to the highest society; do *not* have the honour of an interview with royalty; but are generally ridiculed, and are generally despised. How often is Mrs. Wilmslow's "Advice to mothers" neglected, and Fisher's Compound Cough Elixir pushed aside in favour of some old-world doctor's medicine that has been known for ages. Instead of being cured at once by a brand-new compound, people perversely persist in clinging to old, and almost antediluvian medicines. The philanthropy of Mrs. Allen has no attraction whatever for them; they scorn to use Slade's Anti-asthmatic Cigarettes; and they absolutely laugh in derision when they are informed of the special qualities of Wild's Gout and Rheumatic Mixture, Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, or the very surprising cures effected by the triple-distilled "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water. What a state of blind ignorance the great majority of people must be in! Here are these kind-hearted, benevolent beings, actually asking—asking—soliciting people to come to them and be cured without delay of all their diseases, or, if at present they are free from such, to come and buy some pills which will prevent the appearance of any and every complaint under the sun; and they take as much notice as if illness were unknown in the world. We cannot enough admire the modesty, benevolence, kind-heartedness of these practical philanthropists, or cease to wonder why they do not in disgust give up all attempts at benefiting obstinate humanity. Why *will* folks refuse to be cured? Alas, that the only answer must be blind! Blind! Blind, indeed!

Even the newspapers, we find, generally contrive to shove their advertisements in a corner. And, generally speaking, what model of advertisements they are! One can hardly enough admire their brilliant style and composition. For instance, the first I come across is "Widow Welsh's Pills for female complaints," which "Mrs. Smithers continues to prepare from the only original and genuine family recipe." The pills are wrapped in blue paper—beware imitators!—and signed on the outside label by the veritable Mrs. Smithers herself—which somewhat gives us the idea that the pills may possibly be wrapped up in three or four papers, in order, most likely, to keep them safe.

But after all these individuals, these doctors, place themselves—strange as it may seem—on a level with ordinary mortality. They are not too proud to speak to their acquaintances, and, though ingratitude of the blackest character is so rife, they are not, generally speaking, a set of gloomy misanthropes. Like other people, too, they have differences between themselves.

Perhaps an instance of this may not be uninteresting. George Podger, an individual whose extreme thinness is only made up for by his height, and who generally sports a tall hat which is somewhat battered in at the top, is a vendor of Podger's Celebrated Liver Pills, and has a stall near one of our markets. James—vulgarly known as Jim—Grime, the legitimate successor to Dr. Mangerito (a most celebrated Italian), has a stall directly opposite Podger's, and sells Mangerito's world-famed Gout Mixture. Physically, he is the direct antithesis of Podger, being of a

short build, and is possessed of a chubby, rubicund countenance, and bullet head, surmounted by a soft, broad-brimmed hat. Here on Saturday nights, to the intense delight of a numerous audience of boys interspersed with young men, Podger inveighs in strong language against his rival Grime, who replies by a series of invectives worthy of Billingsgate itself. Grime proclaims the superior qualities of his own goods, and the good-for-nothing quality of his opponent's. Podger replies in a similar strain. Each has his share of backers, one-half of the aforesaid boys aiding and abetting Podger—the other half of the urchins giving in full adherence to the redoubted Grime. Which is the winner it would be difficult to determine. The variety of epithets applied is something extraordinary, and both the rivals must possess splendid memories and a gigantic faculty of invention. Strange that there should be differences among the great, as well as amongst the humble, people!

HARD LABOUR.

TOM NOLAN he was a wagabone,
His age it was nineteen,
He was sent to the jug at Clerkenwell,
To work three months for the Queen.
And when he was too weak to work
(Along of being sick),
They tried him at once with the oakum cure,
And gave him three pound to pick.
But they very soon found that 'ere three pound
Was more than he could do,
So the doctor he told 'em to take one off,
And lessen it down to two.
But then, Tom Nolan, suffering sore,
Was unable to work at all,
And sad to relate was the dreadful fate
That did the poor fellow befall!
For they fed him then upon diet strong,
That never was known to fail,
The old bread-and-water dodge they tried
On that ill-starred man in jail.
And they tortured Tom Nolan, day by day,
With oakum, and water and bread,
Till at last they were stopped in their snug little game,
For poor Tom Nolan lay dead!
Then, hurrah for Cross and his Prison Act,
That lets Governors rule the roast;
And visiting justices—dummies all—
May give up their useless post.

ONLY A PAUPER.

SOMEONE has said that paupers die hard. Whether that be so or not, there can be no doubt that they often pass away under melancholy circumstances, and with little attention and still less kindness on the part of those who are paid to watch and nurse them. At the last meeting of the Newton and Llanillon (Montgomeryshire) Board of Guardians some strange revelations were made in regard to the internal arrangements of the workhouse. From the statement of the master, the nurse, and an infirm man, 60 years of age, named Evans, who was rewarded for performing the duties of deputy nurse with extra diet and an additional half-ounce of tobacco, it appeared that on Christmas night a pauper named Grist lay dying in one of the wards. At half-past eight, the nurse left the sick man in the sole charge of Evans, although, as she herself stated, she thought he was near his death. Her excuse was that she did not stay in men's wards at night unless the sick persons asked her to attend to them. Evans stated that when the nurse went away the patient complained of pain, and was very much swollen about the legs. He was in a little room by himself, and Evans sat by his bedside until his death, which occurred at midnight. There was no means of communication between the wards, which were locked at night. The master could be communicated with in case of emergency only by a series of knocks from ward to ward. The doctor had seen the sick man the day before and said he could do no more for him. The chaplain was not sent for, as he only came on Thursdays. And all this at Christmas! Men and women and little children may well pray to be delivered from the workhouse.

"CAN temperance hotels live?" It was the opinion of the late Artemus Ward that they couldn't, they always sold such poor whisky.

TEMPUS CARITATIS.

[Matilda Cole, widow, aged 35, found dead in the snow from starvation in the streets of London, on Christmas Day.]

THOUGH hunger-worn faces their woes confess
In this cold, bleak season of dire distress,
Though death stalks forth in his ghastliest form,
In search of his prey through the pitiless storm,
Though the wailing voices of famine resound
In the midst of plenty, strewn freely around,
Yet who can think, without utter dismay,
Upon death by starvation on Christmas Day?

Oh, Christmas! season of festive mirth,
Whose watchword is peace and goodwill upon earth;
Whose generous footprints should stamp out the cold,
And stern, wolfish hunger, should drive from his hold—
Where is thy boast and benevolent fame,
And the glory of ages attached to thy name,
When hunger its victim can seize and say,
"She was starved to death upon Christmas Day?"

In the midst of the city whose riches stand
Foremost of all in this fortunate land;
Where Plutus sits high on his golden throne,
And presides at the banquet and feast o'erflowing,
In stately palace and mansion fair—
Alas, that famine should linger there!
Yet there the demon has swooped on his prey,
And struck her to earth upon Christmas Day!

And this was in England, the boasted home
Of comfort, where famine can never come!
Whose rulers can tell us—"the worst is o'er,
And the wail of distress will be heard no more!"
Can they, who turn from the piteous moan,
And hide its sound from a pitying throne,
While a nation's treasures are wasted afar
In useless, unjust, and un-Christian war—
Can they wash the stain of that young life away,
Which fled, whilst they feasted, on Christmas Day?

ORGAN RECITALS.

[BY PINEAPPLE.]

LAST Saturday evening I paid a visit to the New Town Hall for the purpose of attending the Organ Recital, to be held there that evening, arriving just as the magnificent clock was tolling forth the hour of seven. Having purchased a ticket, I took my journey along the corridor, till, coming to the staircase on the left and ascending it, I found myself entering the Music Hall, after having delivered my ticket to a servant in livery. Walking up an avenue, lined on each side with chairs, I took my position on one of those pieces of domesticated timber about the centre of the room and to the right. It is from this position, this situation, that I saw and heard what I am about to describe. The first thing I did, however, was to begin and look round the beautiful hall; and, having completed my survey, the half-hour was chimed by the clock, announcing that "Now's the day and now's the hour." "The scene was changed." The curtains to the right of the organ parted, and a figure strode on to the platform, which appeared as followeth:—A black body balanced on two black legs, overhung at the sides with black arms, the whole surmounted by a head, with a jolly, pleasant, pink face, immediately below the chin of which, was a triangular, white patch of surface, probably formed by the aid of Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Was this person to move the musical feelings of the assemblage to such a degree, that those feelings put into a substantial form were resolved into a violent clapping of hands? He was. The bow having been given to the audience, the figure in black betook himself to his seat, and presently the multitude was hushed by the notes of music. The first piece performed, a second was entered upon, which caused numbers of persons to open their mouths (some pretty wide, too!) as if to drink in the melodious strains.

When this tune was completed the clapping was indulged in to such a degree that it had the effect (whether by means of some form of magnetism, electricity, or mesmerism, I can't exactly state) of drawing forth upon the platform the same black figure, with the same jolly face, now beaming with pleasure, underneath which was the same triangular white patch of surface. Having retired, that little performance cost the black figure a little more exercise in the shape of a repetition, which in remote parts of England is called an "encore." Two or three more pieces having resulted

in something similar to what I have been describing, together with plentiful harvest of open mouths, the Recital came to an end. That black figure having descended into the bowels of the earth, instead of ascending the stairs down which he came, and another figure in livery (before mentioned) having taken his place for the purpose of clearing up, I vacated the seat from which I had made these observations, and began to move. Looking about the corridors a little, and admiring them very much as I traversed them, I departed the way I came, much pleased and edified by the visit I had made. If I may be allowed to give advice (not mother's) to the readers of the *Jackdaw*, I should counsel them to go and see the figure in black, with the triangular white surface, surmounted by a head, with a jolly, pleasant, pink face; and to hear the music he is capable of producing from the tips of his fingers, thumbs, and toes; and, if they have music enough in them to admire a box organ, they will never rue the visit I advise them to make.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

OUR Tory friends are thankful for small mercies. The London correspondent of the *Evening News* writes as follows:—"The Tories, I see, are making a great deal of their little victory at New Ross. Everybody knows, however, that the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield was one of the last questions upon which the enlightened electors thought. Col. Tottenham, the returned member, owns half the houses in the town. It throws a curious light on our representative system in general, and on the state of the suffrage in Ireland in particular, that out of a population of 6,000 people only a little above 200 have votes. Ninety-five is the number of enlightened electors who selected the new supporter of Lord Beaconsfield. This is a slight difference between Maldon and Bristol."

An honest Hibernian, trundling a hand-cart containing all his movables, was accosted by a friend with—"Well, Patrick, you are moving again, I see." "Faith, I am," replied he. "The times are so hard, it's a dale cheaper hiring hand-carts than paying rints."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond, the other day, to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no; I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman look puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," she said. The reduction was made.

Our candid contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, commenced its Retrospect of 1878 in these tearful terms:—"The year will constitute one of the gloomiest chapters in the recent history of our generation. It has been a year of wars and rumours of war. Trade has been depressed; distress has been everywhere prevalent; casualties and disasters on an enormous scale figure on the retrospective canvas; death has been busy in our own and other Royal Houses; and almost every kind of calamity touching the public interest claims a place in the record."

A TASTY epitaph for a spring lamb—Pease to its remains.

At a spiritualistic seance in the States, the other evening, W. M. Tweed put in an appearance. He must have retained enough political influence to carry him past St. Peter, as, amid other heavenly tidings, he spoke of being much hurt by a disposition he noticed among the angels to hide their golden harps under clouds and things whenever he flapped along.

A LITTLE five-year-old fellow came up to his mother the other morning, and with great earnestness said, "Mother, I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning and it hadn't any legs, either. What do you guess it was?" The mother's curiosity was excited at the apparent strangeness of the supposed animal, and not knowing what else to say, she said she supposed it was a worm, or something of that sort, she did not know what. Having for some time enjoyed his mother's inability to solve the problem, he said, "It was some water."

ONE of our horsemen calls his latest purchase Regulator, because all the other horses go by him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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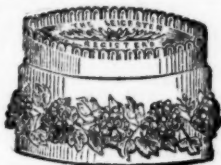
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